

# Good Morning 622

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

This was a very  
welcome chit, Sto.  
Lawrence Mitchell



YOUR wife, Stoker Lawrence Mitchell, is reading the first air mail letter she has received from you since November. And wasn't your 3½-year-old daughter, Jean, very shy of the camera!

As soon as you step inside No. 6 Grange Buildings, Tingley Common, Morley, Leeds, Lawrie, when you come home, you'll see a difference. Nellie has been busy with the paint brush and the distemper, and has redecorated the house—everywhere. Who says a woman can't do a man's job? Believe me, it looks lovely.

When we called, all the children except Jean were at school, so there was a bit of peace in the house. Your wife says they're a pack of mischief when they're all at home. Margaret is still dancing her way through life on tiptoe, and is now learning to play the piano, and doing very well. She is also "swotting" for a scholarship to the Wakefield Technical School. A busy young woman, isn't she?

Doreen and Shirley are very keen on handicraft at the moment, and Benny is his usual mischievous self. As for Jean—she's still the boss of the household!

There's going to be some "splashing" when you come home, Lawrie. Remember you saying you'd take the family to the baths and teach them to swim? Well, they'll be teaching you. They've all been having swimming lessons, and are determined to show you how it's done!

Your wife received the handbag you sent from Egypt, and she's very thrilled with it. You can see it in the photo we took. Your mother-in-law has been ill, but is now better, you'll be pleased to hear. Mrs. Sherwin, who called while we were there, wishes to be remembered to you.

That's all the news for the moment, Lawrie. Everyone sends their love, with a special kiss from Jean.

## "Listen Martin," said Al Capone to 'Good Morning's' crime scribe

IT was a common remark throughout U.S.A. that Prohibition made crime. It certainly made Al Capone.

Listen to him as he talked to us in his hotel in Cicero, outside Chicago:

"Prohibition is business. When Prohibition came in, Chicago voted six to one against. There were 7,500 saloons in the town, and a hundred million dollars were spent yearly on booze. Somebody had to throw liquor on that thirst."

Again he spoke: "I violate the Prohibition law. So do my customers. Some are big people. You'd be surprised."

Soft voice, gentle manners, round face, wisp of black hair across his forehead, clothes immaculate, silk shirt, lovely tie, perfect shoes. Gangster? Huh!

I saw him first at a Sunday night theatre. He was standing in the lounge. Around him was his artillery squad. He was the sort of individual you'd never find on the edge of a crowd. Always in the middle, whether by accident or design is an open guess.

He was always friendly to newspaper men, so long as they didn't try to "give him the works." I had a few words with him once on his booze business.

"Listen, Martin," he said, "some of the biggest Drys in the country buy from me, and have done for years. Now let's quit kidding."

There you have the reason for his continued prosperity. If he had been hauled into the witness-stand in any court and had shown his books he would have blown the roof off half officialdom in Chicago, police and all. They knew it, too.

Chicago may be different now. I don't know. I am

STUART MARTIN blows the gaff on the big-shot gangster who terrorised America.

writing about the time when Capone was defying the law and "protecting" business firms. All through his reign he was haunted by the fear of death. People who saw him either liked him or wanted to kill him.

He gave the impression that circumstances forced him to do business, or give orders, for dramatic or fatal climaxes, but that he regretted the necessity for the decisions. He "protected" some trade unions, and did it rather well.

I had one experience of that angle of his many activities. McLaughlin, who was business agent for the Marble Setters' Union, was asked by "Bugs" Moran, the head of the North Side gang, what was the "take" of the union. The "take" meant the income.

McLaughlin knew what that foreshadowed. The Moran gang would be asking for a rake-off for "protection"; or else. McLaughlin took the query to Danny Stanton, who was looking after Capone's labour department; and Stanton put the matter before Capone. The Moran gang were enemies of Capone.

The result was that Al lifted the telephone and called the Moran headquarters. All he said was, "Bugs, about that McLaughlin business. Lay off!" Moran laid off.

After the slaying of Jake Lingle, Capone's friend, there was a big demonstration by the Chicago police to show they

were in earnest. Al had a younger brother, Ralph Capone, who owned two drinking saloons, the Cotton Club and the Montmartre. Both of these were raided and closed, and Ralph was arrested and charged with violating the liquor legislation. He got three years in prison. Big brother Al never moved a finger.

It was a curious incident that made Al Capone a gangster. He was born in 1899 in Brooklyn, where his father was a barber, and a good one, too. Al was one of the nicest kids in the district. His youthful record in that neighbourhood was good. He had reached manhood and had never been in prison.

He was the best pool player of the district, but he always made it a point to be home by 10.30 p.m. He had promised his mother, and he kept his word, until one night of crisis.

He was on his way home early one evening when he stopped to listen to a street-corner orange-box speaker, and when he was listening a pal from the poolroom ran up and told him frantically that all the boys were losing their money. It seemed that a new-comer had entered the poolroom and was so good a player that he had raked 800 dollars off the company.

Would Al go back and skin the stranger? Al went back. He played with this stranger until just on the stroke of 10.30 p.m. By that time he had won back the 800 dollars and 200 over that. He said he would now be going home.

But the slicker who had lost bared his teeth, drew a long knife from his belt, and said Al would stay. Al stepped in, hit the stranger square on the chin, and down crashed the loser, breaking furniture in his fall.

Al went home right away, but he was not home half an hour before there came a messenger to say that the other chap was dead. (This was not the case, as events proved, for the carcass was taken to hospital, and for a month lay between life and extinction, before recovering.)

But the sudden dramatic news upset Al and his Pa and Ma. There were tears and confabulations; and as there were some tough cousins in Brooklyn the news was rushed to them. What could be done to save little Al?

The cousins knew Johnny Torrio, captain of a hoodlum gang, and the matter was put before him. He said it was easy. He'd take Al to Chicago with him. Next day the two were off.

Now, Johnny Torrio was a real gangster. He was going to Chicago to be bodyguard to Jim Colosimo, a beer trader.

In Chicago, Al Capone was elected aide to Torrio; and by the time the news came that the pool player had left hospital, cured, it was too late for Al to return. He had become a gangster, and couldn't back out.

In brains, Torrio and Capone were superior to their boss,

Colosimo. Prohibition was in force, but bootleggers were making it a joke, and Jim did for pals.

Colosimo, on the advice of Torrio and Capone, launched out into real bootlegging. Within a month Jim Colosimo was shot dead at his restaurant door. He had offended a rival bunch in the trade.

Torrio and Capone took hold of things and went ahead. By 1921 they were set for millions and their beer wagons rumbled between Chicago and Canada and down from there to New

York. Money just poured in. Torrio got mixed up with political graft, but Al kept to the beer business. Then Dion O'Banion, who had been Colosimo's rival in business, was shot dead in 1924. Who did it? Some said Torrio, in revenge for Colosimo's exit.

But the mantle of O'Banion fell on Hymie Weiss, who swore he'd get Torrio. One day a big car pulled alongside Torrio's car and machine-gun bullets raked it fore and aft. The chauffeur was killed, and Torrio got bullets through his hat.

Two days later Torrio and his wife stopped their car in a back street that overlooked their own backyard, and slipped out, running for their home. At that moment another car swung past, and artillery opened up. Bullets sprayed the trees and building, and Torrio got three in his legs.

These three bullets were poisoned with garlic, and Torrio lay in hospital for weeks, wondering if he was ended. The doctors pulled him through, but he was a wreck of a man. His nerve was gone.

He told Al Capone that he wanted to go home to Italy to see his parents before they

Colosimo added, "Or you," making it a joke, and Jim did for pals. He had three high-powered cars, each escorted by crack shots, and Torrio and baggage was run to Buffalo. From there a private car took him to New York, where he boarded the ship just before sailing time. Four guards went with him. He reached his parents. The last I heard of him he had settled near Genoa, and may still be there. He took with him, it is said, a million dollars.

The North Side gang were wild at Torrio's escape. They invaded Cicero (Capone's stamping ground) with 30 cars, and smashed in the fronts of every house owned by Al.

Two months later Thomas Ross, Capone's chauffeur, was taken for a ride. His body was found in a cistern.

A few weeks after that, Hymie Weiss, North Side leader, was shot to death, and so was his guard, as they left a court in Chicago.

"Schemer" Drucci, who succeeded Weiss, lived three months before his bullet arrived.

I could go on, but that's enough. Al Capone lived through it all because his shooters were first with the guns. In London in 1930 and 1931 there were 29 murders. There were 760 in Chicago in the same period.

In Cicero, outside Chicago, the folks think Al is a "great guy." His various rackets are said to have brought in about 30 million dollars yearly. He built a mansion in Florida. He travelled in his own plane.

He supported quite a lot of widows and orphans in Cicero. He sent them groceries and paid poor people's doctors' bills. He sometimes was foolishly generous.

Of course, it couldn't last. No gangster can. They got him finally and he went to prison, to San Quentin—for tax evasion!

I hear he is now at his big house in Miami. He used to entertain his gentlemanly gun-men there as well as in his Cicero hotel. He's through with gangsterdom. But he still has his gentlemanly guard. So much for Scarface.



## A Bright Smile for Tel. Bill Britton

IT was snowing hard, and the kids were tobogganing down your road as we plodded up there in the moonlight with the camera case. Your father was alone reading, and we waited for Janet to come in.

Between them they gave us this news. Your brother Tom is well, and he expects to be home on leave very soon. Your Dad and sister went to Glasgow for the New Year, and they drank your health at Ardoch Gardens. Ray Sorrell has been home on leave, also Brian Harvey.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Tony and Robert are all well and wish to be remembered to you, and the Bryants are also always inquiring about Bill.

Your Dad talked to us a long time about housing. It seems as though he will be one of the men responsible for rehousing Bruin, and, believe us, he gave some "home truths" about housing.

We took a picture of Dad and Janet, and a "close up" of Janet on her own. Both of them send their love, and hope to see you home soon.





**Train-holder-upper or Wall Street tycoon... WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE MUST COME OUT IN THE FLESH—POTS is O. HENRY'S message in this sweet and short essay on life**

TWENTY miles west of Tucson the "Sunset Express" stopped at a tank to take on water.

While the fireman was lowering the feeding hose, Bob Tidball, "Shark" Dodson and a quarter-bred Creek Indian called John Big Dog climbed on the engine and showed the engineer three round orifices in pieces of ordnance that they carried.

These orifices so impressed the engineer with their possibilities that he raised both hands in a gesture such as accompanies the ejaculation "Do tell!"

At the crisp command of Shark Dodson, who was leader of the attacking force, the engineer descended to the ground and uncoupled the engine and tender.

Then John Big Dog, perched upon the coal, sportively held two guns upon the engine driver and the fireman, and suggested that they run the engine fifty yards away and there await further orders.

Shark Dodson and Bob Tidball, scornful to put such low-grade ore as the passengers through the mill, struck out

for the rich pocket of the express car. They found the messenger serene in the belief that the "Sunset Express" was taking on nothing more stimulating and dangerous than aqua pura.

While Bob was knocking this idea out of his head with the butt-end of his six-shooter, Shark Dodson was already dosing the express-car safe with dynamite.

The safe exploded to the tune of \$30,000, all gold and currency. Shark, Dodson and Bob Tidball, with their booty in a stout canvas bag, tumbled out of the express car and ran awkwardly in their high-heeled boots to the engine.

The engineer, sullenly angry but wise, ran the engine, according to orders, rapidly away from the inert train. But before this was accomplished the express messenger, recovered from Bob Tidball's persuader to neutrality, jumped out of his car with a Winchester rifle and took a trick in the game.

Mr. John Big Dog, sitting on the coal tender, unwittingly made a wrong lead by giving an imitation of a target, and the messenger trumped him. With a ball exactly between his shoulder blades the Creek chevalier of industry rolled off to the ground, thus increasing the share of his comrades in the loot by one-sixth each.

Two miles from the tank the engineer was ordered to stop.

The robbers waved a defiant adieu and plunged down the steep slope into the thick woods that lined the track. Five minutes of crashing through a thicket of chapparal brought them to open woods, where three horses were tied to low-hanging branches. One was waiting for John Big Dog, who would never ride by night or day again. This animal the

robbers divested of saddle and bridle and set free.

They mounted the other two with the bag across one pommel, and rode fast and with discretion through the forest and up a primeval, lonely gorge. Here the animal that bore Bob Tidball slipped on a mossy boulder and broke a foreleg. They shot him through the head at once and sat down to hold a council of flight.

"Say, you old double-decked pirate," Tidball called joyfully to Dodson, "you said we could do it—you got a head for financing that knocks the horns off of

anything in Arizona."

"What are we going to do about a boss for you, Bob? We ain't got long to wait here. They'll be on our trail before daylight in the mornin'."

"Oh, I guess that cayuse of yours'll carry double for a while," answered the sanguine Bob. "We'll annex the first animal we come across. By jingo, we made a haul, didn't we? Accordin' to the marks on this money there's \$30,000—\$15,000 apiece!"

"It's short of what I expected," said Shark Dodson, kicking softly at the packages with the toe of his boot. And

then he looked pensively at the wet sides of his tired horse.

"Old Bolivar's mighty nigh played out," he said slowly. "I wish that sorrel of yours hadn't got hurt."

"So do I," said Bob heartily, "but it can't be helped. Bolivar's got plenty of bottom—he'll get us both far enough to get fresh mounts. Dang it, Shark, I can't help thinkin' how funny it is that an Easterner like you can come out here and give us Western fellows cards and spades in the desperado business. What part of the East was you from, anyway?"

"New York State," said Shark Dodson, sitting down on a boulder and chewing a twig. "I was born on a farm in Ulster County. I ran away from home when I was seventeen. It was an accident my comin' West. I was walkin' along the road with my clothes in a bundle, makin' for New York City."

(Continued on Page 3)

## HOW'S TRICKS? By Syd de Hempsey

**THE HYPNOTISED SPOON.** A VERY laughable effect if done neatly, and will cause a surprise to the spectators, especially if some of you have the habit of leaving your spoon in your tea cup.

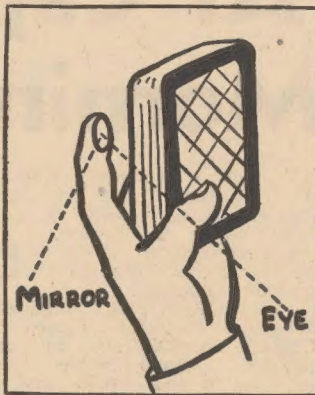
The conjurer, pointing to the spoon in the cup, remarks, "Watch me closely; I will wave my hands over the spoon and it will jump clean out of the cup." And, lo, the spoon does as the performer states.

The little piece of apparatus required is simple to make. It consists of a small piece of steel clock spring which has been bent (see Figs. 1 and 2). A small piece of sugar is placed

under the clip. You will see that when the sugar melts the spring will eject the spoon. This fake is placed in a cup of tea.

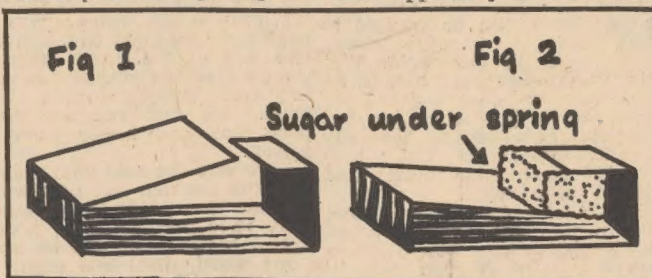
### NAMING THE CARDS.

HAVE a pack of cards shuffled by anyone. Receiving the pack back, you hold them in your hand as Fig. 3, face towards the audience. You immediately name the cards, taking them off from the front of the pack. You can name the next card—in fact, you can go through the pack. To make it a little interesting you remark that if a picture card appears you will whistle.



The secret is really simple, as all good tricks are—a very small piece of apparatus is required, namely, a very small piece of mirror about half an inch square. Any old broken piece will do, plus a small piece of spearmint.

You will see by the diagram how to hold the cards with the mirror stuck on the tip of the first finger. By moving the finger about you can get the reflection of the pip on the card.



## QUIZ for today

1. A crwth is Polish boat, musical instrument, dance, Welsh spinning-wheel, or a made-up word?
2. What is a balalaika, and what is its shape?
3. What is the difference between (a) horizon, (b) orison?
4. What is the meaning of the names (a) Bernard, (b) Brian?
5. What is the other common name for the plant, Ale-hoof?
6. Which of the following colours is an intruder, and why?—Cream, Orange, Cerise, Plum, Apricot, Lemon Yellow.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 621

1. Military booster.
2. (a) Small basket, (b) charred tobacco from a pipe.
3. 1752, owing to the change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar.
4. Edwin Drood.
5. Badminton.
6. Crossing the Bar is a poem by Tennyson; others are pictures.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



N.A.A.F.I. records have been broken by three women serving at a Staffordshire barracks. Two have served 25 years each, one 20 years—in the same canteen.

The trio are Miss Lilian Scott, manageress, Miss Elizabeth Webster, cook, and Miss Peggy Livingstone, charge-hand.

Miss Scott, known to the troops as "O.C. Barracks," was posted here in 1920, having joined the Navy and Army Canteen Board in 1917. Now 65, she is described by the local N.A.A.F.I. supervisor as "active as a person twenty years her junior, a striking personality, with the knack of being able to please everybody, and one of the most loyal servants N.A.A.F.I. has ever had."

Miss Webster is described as "a grand cook of the old school, whose sole desire is to give service, long hours and hard work never worrying her." She completes her 25th year at the canteen in a few weeks time. The number of meals, snacks and beverages she has prepared runs into hundreds of thousands.

Miss Livingstone, charge-hand, has been "second in command" of this N.A.A.F.I. for 20 years, completing a trio known to countless Staffordshire troops.



NINETY-NINE out of every hundred Service men who call at the famous free canteen at North Road Station for a cup of tea, take sugar!

The canteen, started more than five years ago, has served nearly 5,000,000 cheering cups of cha to men and women in uniform.

The organiser, Mrs. A. H. Crimp, says the canteen is so popular because she brews the tea strong, "just like mother makes it."



SMALL boy, in the running for first prize at a Stonehouse Youth Club fancy-dress ball, lost his chances when a judge noted a minor inaccuracy. He was made up as Hitler—with his hair parted on the wrong side!

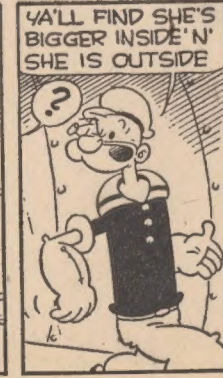
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





## WANGLING WORDS—561

1. Behead a railing and get a drink.
2. In the following famous line of poetry both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?  
Hatt god eth edid saw ti.
3. What famous English painter had BO for the exact middle of his name?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 560

1. T-hug.
2. "The boy stood on the burning deck."
3. Velasquez.
4. Fade, deaf.

## JANE



## "THE ROADS WE TAKE"

(Continued from Page 2)

"I had an idea of goin' there and makin' lots of money. I always felt like I could do it. I came to a place one evenin' where the road forked and I didn't know which fork to take. I studied about it for half an hour, and then I took the left-hand. That night I run into the camp of a Wild West show that was travellin' among the little towns, and I went West with it. I've often wondered if I wouldn't have turned out different if I'd took the other road."

"Oh, I reckon you'd have ended up about the same," said Bob Tidball, cheerfully philosophical. "It ain't the roads we take; it's what's inside of us that makes us turn out the way we do."

Shark Dodson got up and leaned against a tree.

"I'd a good deal rather that sorrel of yours hadn't hurt himself, Bob," he said again, almost pathetically.

"Same here," agreed Bob: "he was sure a first-rate kind

of a crowbait.

When he looked up, the most prominent object that he saw was the muzzle of Shark Dodson's .45 held upon him without a waver.

"Stop your funnin'," said Bob with a grin. "We got to be hittin' the breeze."

"Set still," said Shark. "You ain't goin' to hit no breeze, Bob. I hate to tell you, but there ain't any chance for but one of us. Bolivar's, he's plenty tired, and he can't carry double."

"We been pards, me and you, Shark Dodson, for three year," Bob said quietly. "We've risked our lives together time and again. I've always give you a square deal, and I thought you was a man. I've heard some queer stories about you shootin' one or two men in a peculiar way, but I never believed 'em. Now, if you're just havin' a little fun with me, Shark, put your gun up, and we'll get on Bolivar and vamose. If you mean to shoot—shoot, you black-hearted son of a tarantula!"

Shark Dodson's face bore a deeply sorrowful look.

"You don't know how bad I feel," he sighed, "about that sorrel of yours breakin' his leg, Bob."

The expression on Dodson's face changed in an instant to one of cold ferocity mingled with inexorable cupidity.

The soul of the man showed itself for a moment like an evil face in the window of a reputable house.

Truly, Bob Tidball was never to "hit the breeze" again. The deadly .45 of the false friend cracked and filled the gorge with a roar that the walls hurled back with indignant echoes.

But as "Shark" Dodson galloped away the woods seemed to fade from view; the revolver in his right hand turned to the curved arm of a mahogany chair; his saddle was strangely upholstered, and he opened his eyes and saw his feet, not in stirrups, but resting quietly on the edge of a quartered oak desk.

I am telling you that Dodson,

of the firm of Dodson and Decker, Wall Street brokers, opened his eyes. Peabody, the confidential clerk, was standing by his chair, hesitating to speak. There was a confused hum of wheels below, and the sedative buzz of an electric fan.

"Ahem! Peabody," said Dodson, blinking. "I must have fallen asleep. I had a most remarkable dream. What is it, Peabody?"

"Mr. Williams, sir, of Tracy and Williams, is outside. He has come to settle his deal in X. Y. Z. The market caught him short, sir, if you remember."

"Yes, I remember. What is X. Y. Z. quoted at to-day, Peabody?"

"One eighty-five, sir."

"Then that's his price."

"Excuse me," said Peabody,

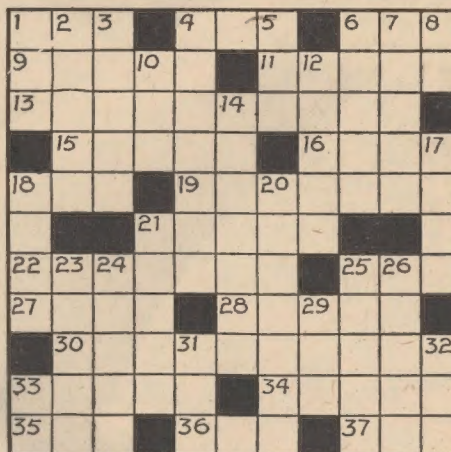
rather nervously, "for speaking of it, but I've been talking to Williams. He's an old friend of yours, Mr. Dodson, and you practically have a corner in X. Y. Z. I thought you might—that is, I thought you might not remember that he sold you the stock at 98. If he settles at the market price it will take every cent, he has in the world and his home, too, to deliver the shares."

The expression on Dodson's face changed in an instant to one of cold ferocity mingled with inexorable cupidity. The soul of the man showed itself for a moment like an evil face in the window of a reputable house.

"He will settle at one eighty-five," said Dodson. "Bolivar cannot carry double."

END

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Admit.
- 4 Newt.
- 6 See next page.
- 9 Rule.
- 11 Constellation.
- 13 Exile.
- 15 Fashion.
- 16 Bench.
- 18 Write.
- 19 Furiously.
- 21 Number.
- 22 Wandering.
- 25 Had a meal.
- 27 Turned up.
- 28 Unaffected.
- 30 Scratch troops.
- 33 Indication.
- 34 Sound of bagpipes.
- 35 Some.
- 36 Proper.
- 37 Deposit.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Sphere.
- 2 Work at loom.
- 3 Silk fabric.
- 4 Made certain.
- 5 Male animal.
- 6 Languished.
- 7 Complete.
- 8 About.
- 10 Light boat.
- 12 Sticky stuff.
- 14 Throwing.
- 17 Sample.
- 18 Shallow vessels.
- 20 For.
- 21 Sword.
- 23 Vegetable.
- 24 Dark.
- 25 Benefit.
- 26 Earth.
- 29 Same class.
- 31 Conclusion.
- 32 Wily.
- 33 Thanks.

LIMIT MAVIS  
US RUMINANT  
ROBIN DIP A  
CLOSED MARY  
HAW FACADES  
T MURAL C  
REVILED BUS  
EDEN DEPART  
F RUB NEGRO  
INSTANCE EN  
TWEED ELUDE

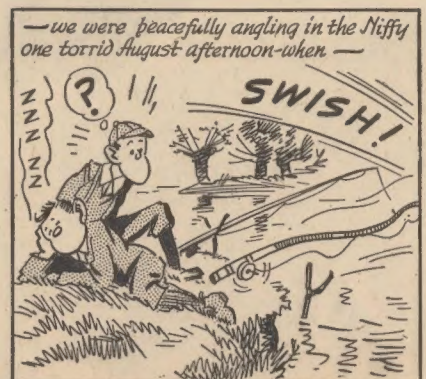
### RUGGLES



### GARTH



### JUST JAKE



## What the Stars Foretell



Disappointments indicated if you lack foresight.

### Alex Cracks

A bashful vicar found the young ladies in the parish too helpful. At last it became so embarrassing that he left. Not long afterwards he met the vicar who had succeeded him.

"Well," he asked, "how did you get on with the ladies?"

"Oh, very well indeed," said the other.

"There is safety in numbers, you know."

"Ah," was the instant reply, "I only found it in Exodus."



# Good Morning

## ENGLAND GOES ON HOLIDAY

For fifty long weeks, England dreams about a fortnight. For fifty long weeks, England works to make that fortnight's freedom glorious. And when the month of August comes around (in which the best fortnights are always taken!) a certain proportion of the population goes to Lynmouth. And a certain proportion of these people drop in to have one at the Rising Sun. And others stand in the sunshine outside the beach kiosk next door, twirling the revolving frames of coloured postcards and learning that women in candy-striped drawers always pull the same faces when a crab attaches itself to their bunion-adorned big toes.



## A BOMBAY DUCK (JOKE—GET IT ?)



We had never paid much attention when our cameraman used to talk airily about duck-shooting at Bombay. That is — not until he came rolling in with this picture.



Lynn Bari, 20th Century Fox star, illustrates a Cyril Fletcher monologue. Which one? "Dreaming, oh, my darling love, of thee-ee."

## STOUT WORK, P.O. J. TANSEY



When Imperial Services won a 6-5 victory over the A.B.A., P.O. J. Tansey, the Navy's only representative, won his cruiser fight on points. Photo shows him with Sergt. J. Preston, the Army flyweight — the long and the short of it.



"What with laundry delays as they are to-day, there's only one thing for a well-dressed man to do — make his own collars!"

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"The old 'Lily-white Firm' seems to be on the rocks."

